

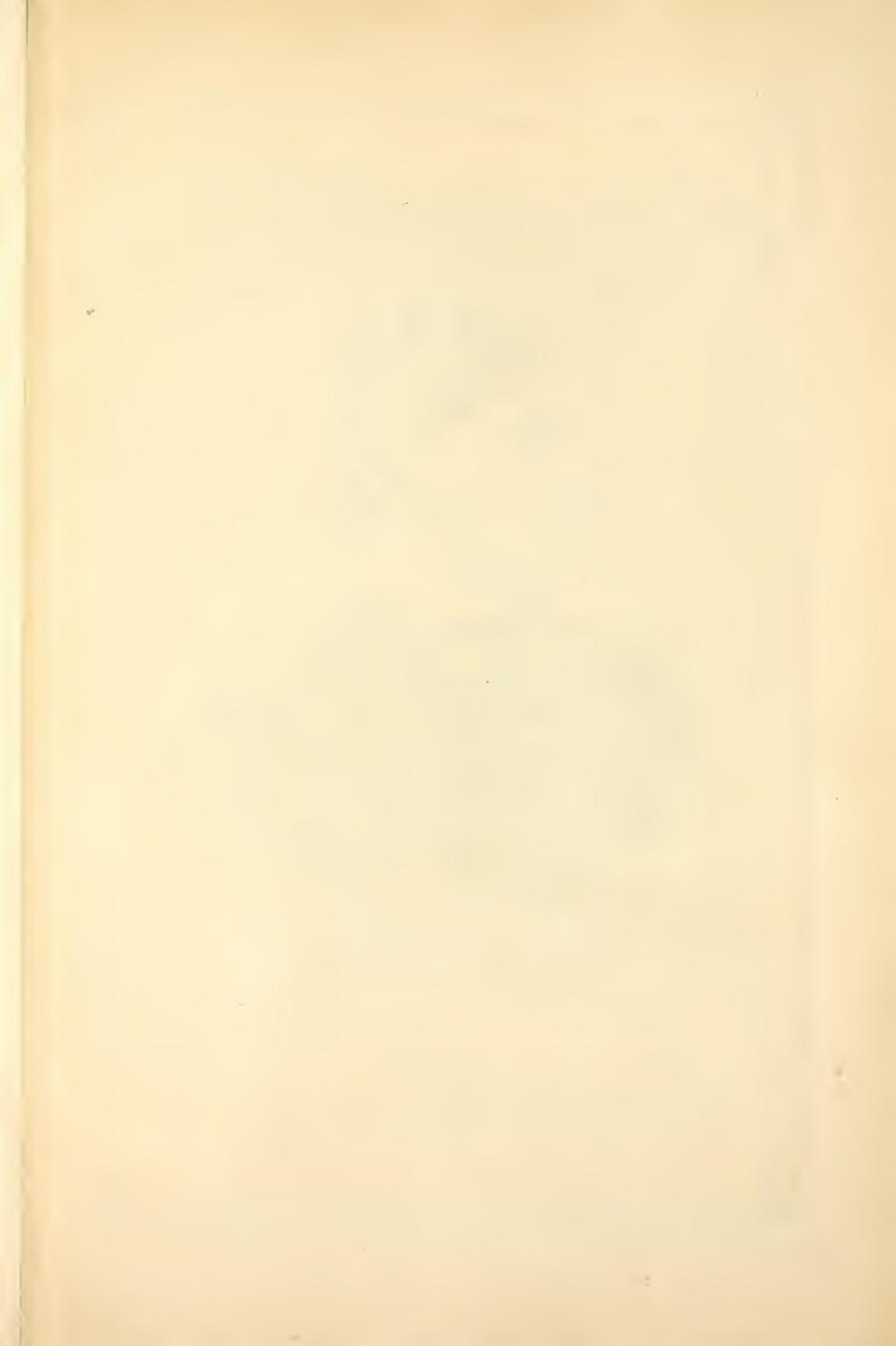
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R.E. Fenton

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In Memoriam.

Reuben Earle Fenton.

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Biographical Sketches.

"A form where every god
did seem to set his seal,
To give the world
assurance of a man."

REUBEN EARLE FENTON, youngest child and only son of Reuben Eaton and Elizabeth Scudder Fenton, was born at Walnut Grove, Jamestown, New York, June 12th, in the year 1865, during his father's first term as Governor of the State.

Never was boy more ardently desired, or more warmly welcomed—seldom one in whom such fond hopes were centered. Of Scotch-English ancestry—he grew sturdy and strong, the pride of the Governor, the delight of his sisters, and the idol of his mother, who devoted her life to him.

A young hero looked this boy of form and face of classic mold, with fearless, frank blue eyes—gifted in mind and blessed with much that life holds dear, he passed ‘through childhood’s grace, to the hopes and strifes of manhood.’

Studying first in the public schools, afterward with a tutor at home and while traveling with his mother in California, he was fitted for St. John’s Military School at Manlius, N. Y. He early developed qualities of leadership and soon rose to the rank of captain in the school. Rev. John W. Craig, head master of St. John’s, a scholar and a Christian gentleman of wide culture, made an indelible impress upon the lad’s mind and character.

In the spring of 1884 he entered Brown University at Providence, Rhode Island, and here formed

many valuable associations for after life. He belonged to the Psi Upsilon fraternity.

The sudden death of Governor Fenton in the prime of middle age, in the full vigor of his powers, was felt to be a National calamity—but to his young son scarcely twenty-one, just coming to man's estate, a period when wise counsel and guidance were most needed, it was an inestimable sorrow and loss.

Reuben Earle had marked military ability, and at the reorganization of the 13th Separate Co., National Guards, State of New York—‘Fenton Guards’—named in honor of Governor Fenton—he was elected Captain, May 10, 1887, but owing to an injury to one of his eyes, which threatened to result seriously, he declined the command. After his recovery however, he enlisted as a private, and was elected First Lieutenant, November 28, 1887. Upon account of continuous absence he resigned this office January 6, 1892, and became an honorary member of the company, in which he never ceased to feel the deepest interest.

Among the other organizations with which he was affiliated were the Jamestown Club, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and the Ellicott Hook and Ladder Company. He was also a member of the Calumet Club of New York City.

About two years after his father's death, young Earle proved his decided business sagacity in bringing to Jamestown one of the most important industries of the city—the Metallic Works. He formed

the company of which he became president, and which bears his name.

At St. Augustine, during the winter of 1890, while passing the season at his orange grove in Florida, he met Miss Lilian Mai Hayden, daughter of Charles H. Hayden. After a brief and romantic courtship they were married October second of the same year, at the Hayden homestead, Columbus, Ohio. Love for travel was inborn, growing with his growth. Already he had seen much of the world, and with his young wife passed the five years following their marriage in delightful journeying both in the old world and the new.

His attachment to his native place was always strong, and he was returning to settle in Jamestown. He had inherited qualities that insure success in public life—he had already proven himself a leader among men, and, as many friends urgently desired, possibly he might have entered the political arena. Alas! while en route, after a winter in Egypt, he fell ill at Naples, Italy, and died March 25th, 1895.

From the blue skies and sunny shores of Italy, in a strangely beautiful foreign casket, his body was borne by the ship "Werra" to America, and upon Good Friday entered for the last time the stately home he loved so well, where the aged mother had hoped to see her son live and rear a family of his own, and upon an April day while the world was still singing of the resurrection morn, was laid in the Fenton Mausoleum, the tomb of his father.

The personality of Reuben Earle Fenton was peculiarly attractive and distinguished. He possessed fine self-poise and undaunted courage, was fond of athletics from childhood, tall, splendidly developed, with a charm and repose of manner that were the outgrowth both of heart and of culture. Of high spirit and ardent temperament, he had developed traits that are among the best of God's gifts to men. He was chivalrous and tender, truthful and generous. With the prestige of an honored name, he yet stood upon his own merits as a man. His horizon was broad, he held progress to be the watchword of the nineteenth century. His nature was earnest, and he had a rare sympathy with all conditions of men. In statement he was strong, clear and concise. The world was his book, and in his travels people and their customs most interested him. Always patriotic, he was proud of being an American.

"If we count time by heart throbs, not by figures on a dial," Reuben Earle Fenton had lived much in the short span of thirty years. In all things fortunate, was not he in this of all most blessed, that full of the hopes and beliefs of youth, he went before the dead sea fruit of life had touched his lips — May he not have entered a sphere where the noblest and best ideals shall be attained, where there is no unrest, but an everlasting peace —

"Where the strange and the new have birth,
And power comes full in play."

From the Jamestown Evening Journal.



HE sad news of the death in Naples, Italy, of Reuben Earle Fenton was received per cablegram in this city about 10.30 o'clock this morning, and caused deep and general grief throughout the community. The hour of death was noon to-day (the difference in time between Jamestown and Naples is about six hours), but the cablegram contained no further particulars.

The first intimation of Mr. Fenton's illness was received Thursday when a cablegram announced that he was ill of fever in Naples. Another dispatch received Sunday stated that his condition was critical, and the one conveying the dread intelligence of death reached the relatives to-day. Mr. Fenton, with his wife and niece, Miss Elizabeth Hegeman, had been in Egypt, and only last week a letter was received by his mother dated at Naples, March 9th, in which no mention was made of sickness. The fullest particulars of his illness and death will be awaited with sorrowful interest.

Besides his wife and niece there were with Mr. Fenton at Naples the father and mother and one sister of Mrs. Fenton.

Reuben Earle Fenton was the only son of Governor and Mrs. R. E. Fenton, and had he lived until June would have been thirty years old. His birth occurred in Jamestown. After a few years in the public schools of this city he went to St. John's military school at Manlius, where he was colonel of the battalion. His education was further pursued at Brown University. He traveled much and had not only seen most of his native land, but had journeyed extensively in Europe and the far east.

His taste for military was pronounced, and upon his return to Jamestown from college he was offered the command of the Fenton Guards (named after his father) but chose rather to serve as First Lieutenant, which position he held for a number of years until a contemplated long absence decided him to send in his resignation, which was reluctantly accepted. He was a most accomplished officer and his influence upon the company was of the greatest value. Both during and after his active connection with the Guards he was always its earnest friend and liberal supporter. As soon as the news of his death was received the flag on the armory was, by order of Captain Post, set at half staff.

Mr. Fenton was ever loyal to Jamestown. Notwithstanding his travels he best loved the place of his birth. He became president of the Fenton Metallic Manufacturing Company. He interested himself in various enterprises, social and industrial. Last year he was Chair-

man of the Executive Committee of the Republican organization in this city and made a splendid record for intelligent comprehension of the duties of that exacting office and energetic performance thereof.

Several years ago Mr. Fenton was married to Miss Hayden of Columbus, O., and the union has proved most happy. Mrs. Fenton has accompanied him in all his travels since their marriage, and was with him at the time of his death. His mother, Mrs. R. E. Fenton, and two sisters, Mrs. Frank Edward Gifford and Mrs. Albert Gilbert, Jr., all of this city, survive.

Mr. Fenton was popular in his native town and wherever he was known. His business abilities were undoubted and in society he was a leader. His death causes great sorrow in this community, and the most profound sympathy is felt for the grief-stricken mother, wife and sisters in their crushing loss.

The body will undoubtedly be brought to Jamestown and placed in the Fenton Mausoleum in Lake View. The family expect that particulars will be cabled as soon as arrangements for the sad home coming are perfected.

March 25, 1895.

From the Buffalo Express.

REUBEN EARLE FENTON, whose portrait appears in The Express to-day, was the only son of the late Reuben E. Fenton, who was ten years representative in Congress, twice Governor of New York, United States Senator, and a representative of the United States by appointment of President Hayes in the International Monetary Conference of 1878.

Early in the winter Mr. Fenton left his home in Jamestown with his wife and niece for a trip to Egypt and the Holy Land. On his way home he died at Naples, Italy, of typhoid fever on March 25th. He was born in Jamestown in June, 1865, while his father was serving his first term as Governor. His early education was obtained in the Jamestown schools; later he attended St. John's Military Academy and completed his studies in Brown University. Mr. Fenton was married in October, 1890, to Miss Lilian Hayden, daughter of Charles H. Hayden of Columbus, Ohio.

His business talents were of a high order. Upon the formation of the Fenton Metallic Manufacturing Company, of which he was a promoter, he became its president, a position he held until his death. He was also interested in numerous other business enterprises. He was a

member of the Jamestown Club and of the Order of Elks, and at one time First Lieutenant of the Fenton Guards, declining the captaincy when offered him, and finally resigning on account of enforced absence from home. The respect in which he was held by citizens generally was evinced in the resolutions of his business associates, of the Board of Trade, of the Common Council, and of the numerous social organizations with which he was identified. On the day of his funeral, last Tuesday, the principal business houses of Jamestown were closed, and a throng of people including the numerous organizations mentioned and the employees of the Fenton Metallic Manufacturing Company, 180 in number, attended the services, which were held at the Fenton mansion in Walnut Grove, the Fenton Guards acting as military escort to the cortege.

Mr. Fenton was a young man who had every reason to be hopeful of a career of eminent success. He was commanding and dignified of presence, with a strong mind enriched by training and extensive travel, and courteous and amiable to all. He was looked upon by his fellow citizens as a man of political availability, and dies at the very threshold of what promised to be an honorable and useful career. During the campaign last Fall, as chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, he displayed rare political sagacity and great executive ability, and his conduct of the campaign was recognized by political friends and opponents as unsurpassed in the history of the party in Jamestown. His friends were looking confidently to his election for the Assembly the coming Autumn.

He was coming home, as he expressed it, from "his last long journey," with deeper attachment for his native city, and greater love of country than ever before. In a letter to his mother, written at Alexandria, Egypt, March third, he said: "While near the harbor this morning, we saw the United States man-of-war San Francisco at anchor, and I can assure you it did me good to see the Stars and Stripes floating from such a splendid vessel."

April 22, 1895.

Last Rites.

"When that which drew from
out the boundless deep
Turns again home."



O-DAY the mortal remains of Reuben Earle Fenton were received in Jamestown. Prior to embarking a service was held in the English Chapel at Naples.

The steamship "Werra," by which the body came from Italy via Gibraltar, reached New York yesterday afternoon, where it was met by Frank E. Gifford and Albert Gilbert, Jr., of this city, Leverett C. Hayden and Frederick D. Prentiss of Columbus, Ohio. The casket was immediately placed in a special car attached to Erie train number three, and arrived in Jamestown at 12.30 to-day. A large concourse of citizens had gathered at the station to await this sad home-coming. As the casket, covered with black cloth and bound with silver, was removed to the funeral car, the first platoon of the Fenton Guards—the platoon formerly commanded by First Lieutenant Fenton—under command of Lieutenant Johnson, presented arms. Escorted by the Guards, keeping step to muffled drums, the procession proceeded to Walnut Grove, where the remains were removed to the Fenton mansion to await sepulture.

April 12, 1895.

Funeral.



HE humble and the great united Tuesday afternoon in showing deference to their fellow townsman, Reuben Earle Fenton, to whom "death, the great proprietor of all," had come so early and so sadly.

Probably there has never been so largely attended a funeral in the city, excepting that of the late Governor Fenton, as that of yesterday. The house and grounds of Walnut Grove were thronged with relatives, friends and admirers.

The Mayor and the Common Council attended in a body. The Jamestown Club, the Jamestown lodge of Elks and the officers of the Fenton Metallic Manufacturing Company, with between one hundred and two hundred employees, wore badges of mourning.

The services began at three o'clock, the Rev. A. Sidney Dealey, rector of St. Luke's Church, performing the solemn liturgy of the Episcopal Church.

An eloquent oration was given by the Rev. C. C. Albertson of the First M. E. Church, giving hope to the living and eulogy for the dead, "who slept beneath a wilderness of flowers"—rare and beautiful tributes from near and far; from friends at home, from New York, Washington, Columbus, Chicago and elsewhere.

The music, especially arranged, was tenderly and artistically rendered by a quartette choir:

Anthem—"Lord, Teach Me to Know the Number of My Days."

Hymn—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Hymn—"Good Night."

Chant—*De Profundis*.

Prior to and during the ceremony members of the Fenton Guards stood at parade rest at the head and foot of the casket. At the conclusion of the service the remains were borne to the

funeral car, the soldiers presenting arms during the transfer from the house.

The cortege escorted by the Thirteenth Separate Company N. Y., S. N. G. (Fenton Guards) in full uniform and under arms, commanded by Captain Post, marching in the van to sound of bugles and muffled drum beat, proceeded to Lake View Cemetery. Carriages with the clergy and the bearers preceding the bier, upon either side of which marched six men of Lieutenant Fenton's old platoon, as guard of honor. Immediately following were carriages containing the family and friends. Last came the Fenton Metallic men in double file.

Flags were at half mast, and hundreds of people thronged the way from the Armory to Third Street paying most respectful tribute to the dead and to the sorrowing family.

All business places were closed until after the procession had passed.

Arrived at Lake View, the Guards were drawn up in line facing the Fenton Mausoleum, presenting arms as the casket was borne to the tomb upon the shoulders of the bearers.

Rev. A. Sidney Dealey conducted a brief service, the choir chanted "There is no Death," and the funeral rites over the remains of Reuben Earle Fenton were concluded. Upon the return to the United States of Mrs. Earle Fenton, who is detained in Europe by illness, the final committal service will be performed.

The bearers were Charles H. Gifford, William S. Gifford, Clayton E. Bailey, Frederick D. Prentiss, Jerome B. Fisher, Arthur C. Wade, James W. Hine, Morris N. Bemus, M. D.

Many telegrams and letters of sympathy are received from abroad by the family; and among relatives and friends from a distance present at the funeral was the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, Congressman-at-Large for the State of Pennsylvania. Mr. Grow was the nearest and dearest friend of Lieutenant Fenton's father, the late Governor R. E. Fenton.

Wednesday, April 17, 1895.

Comittal.



T 5 o'clock Thursday evening, at the Fenton Mausoleum in Lake View Cemetery, the body of Reuben Earle Fenton was committed to the tomb.

Since the arrival of his remains from Naples, Italy, a month since, and the funeral from the family residence, Walnut Grove, the casket has been guarded at the mausoleum by members of the Fenton Guards, awaiting committal until the return of Mrs. Fenton, who has just arrived, having been detained by illness in Europe.

The solemn Episcopal service was conducted by the Rev. A. Sidney Dealey, rector of St. Luke's Church, in the presence of the Fenton and Hayden families. A beautiful chant, "There is No Death," and a lovely "Good Night" hymn, completed the service.

The flowers, the day, the hour, all combined, made most tender and perfect the last sad rites to one whose promising life was so early ended—a man who was greatly honored and beloved.

Friday, May 17, 1895.

Oration

By

The Rev. Charles C. Albertson.

“Say not good night,
but in some brighter clime
Bid us good morning.”

HREE weeks ago, in Naples, Italy, Earle Fenton turned the last leaf of his life on earth, and we are here to-day to write the "Finis" ere the history is closed.

I speak the thoughts of many when I say there are elements of sorrow in his death that cannot easily be comforted. He was so young—not yet quite thirty—but a man with constitution whose inheritance seemed length of days, and a mind enriched by liberal culture of the schools and travel. Of honored antecedents, magnanimous of heart, winsome of manner, considerate of others' care, before him opened a career that might have given him more than local fame.

It seems but yesterday I saw him in the strength of health and hope, and laid my hand upon his shoulder as I stepped out from the railroad train on which we both were passengers, and left him in his place, a courteous "Good night" upon his lips. Yet that was months ago. Since then, a winter spent in Egypt, a few brief days in Italy, a sudden sickness, death, a silent, unattended journey home—and I am here to answer his "Good night."

But not to him, nor of him do I speak. He is beyond the sound of censure and of praise. I speak to you who loved him, you whom he loved, both here and there across the sea. I speak to you who gather in this house to-day to weep with them that weep.

My office is to comfort if I can. But well I know how comfortless are human words, how unavailing every speech of man at such a time as this. The wisest,

strongest and most confident may speak, but all that wisdom, strength or confidence may say leaves mourners' minds unreconciled.

Some griefs may be subdued by sympathy, the loss of health, of wealth, the wreck of cherished plans, the pain of wounded pride—all these may be consoled when friends come near to share with us the anguish that we feel. But there are other griefs which rarify the social atmosphere, and suffer not the tenderest condolence of our dearest friend to reach the inner ear. They make the whole wide world one vacuum, through which we see the parted, moving lips compassionating us, but hear not, heed not what is said.

This is the rigid rule of life. It alters not for one. Nor king nor peasant finds it otherwise. It was a sceptered hand of old that wrote: "I mourn till I become a stranger to my brethren, an alien to my mother's children." The saintliest soul that ever lived had one sad hour in which he knelt and agonized alone. Transfigured on the mount, three human friends were there. Along the Via Dolorosa Simon of Cyrene relieved Him of the cross. On Calvary, a sufferer on either side could bear Him company. But in Gethsemane, we see the strong, immortal Son of God Himself bereft of human fellowship. Alone He prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass." Alone He sweat great drops of blood. Alone He triumphed when He cried, "Thy will be done."

The life of Jesus is a type of ours. Each one of us has his Gethsemane, his midnight garden, his hour of solitary sorrow, of grief too exquisite for words. The death of one we cherish with the deep devotion of the kindred heart, a son, a husband, brother, comrade, friend, is our Gethsemane. It isolates us from all human help. It insulates us from all tongues and hands of earth, while

well we know that all our fellow men have gone this way before.

Is it not so? Is there not a sense of utter alienage, of all forsakenness that nothing natural can soothe? I appeal to all of you whose feet hath pressed the path to cypress vines, and open graves. I appeal to you to witness if there are not times in human life when all the world seems void of every soul and sorrow save our own. The world has nothing for us, save memory, and tears, and longing for the absent one. Every oracle is dumb, every song silent, every star dead.

How pitiful is life at such a time! But pitiful and poor as our condition is, it is the glory of our manhood that we know and feel our need. Our very emptiness is God's provision for our help. He hushes every sound that He may speak, and we may hear. He silences all songs that there may come to us the swelling chorus of the skies, the angels' anthem, the Easter carol of the white-robed throng to "Him that liveth and was dead, and lo, He is alive for evermore!" He blinds our eyes with tears that we may see with faith serene and unveiled sight the evidence of immortality. He hides all other stars that there may dawn upon our souls the uncreated Star of Bethlehem. He separates us from all human hands, that in the dark, like children in the night, we may reach out our hands to Him, and find Him by our side.

O beloved, the universe is not void. Nor does chaotic ruin reign as in the German poet, Richter's dream. God lives. We live. The dead live. Our sin may be forgiven. Our sorrow may be comforted. These are realities. They are eternal verities. They are enough.

God points us to our grief and says: "It is your gift, your burden, your sacred trust. It is what dignifies you. Brutes have no such burden. Only the children of men

have. Bear it patiently and it will strengthen you. Bear it hopefully and it will glorify you. Bear it prayerfully and it will be to you as an eagle's burden of wings, for 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.'

This is the significance of the silence that surrounds us now. This is the lesson of Gethsemane.

" O holy hour, from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before ;
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care
And they complain no more."

We will learn to thank God sometime, if not now, that there are such dark, and sad, and silent hours in life. The richest treasures of the heart, the sweetest messages from God come to us then. To this faith I commend you. To this faith I commend the stricken absent ones and mourners everywhere, it is

" A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears."

It makes the darkness glow with "light that never was on land or sea;" it peoples all our solitude with companionship divine—"the Comforter which is the Holy Ghost." It teaches us

" To kneel and kiss the rod,
And holier grow with grief."

And even at the tomb in which we rest the body of our dead, our patient hearts shall sing a song of trust in Him, who is "The Resurrection and the Life."

Resolutions.

“On Earth the broken arcs;
In Heaven a perfect round.”

Thirteenth Separate Company, N. G., N. Y.

ORDERS NO. 8.

JAMESTOWN, April 13, 1895.

It is with sincere sorrow that the formal announcement is made of the death of Lieut. Reuben Earle Fenton, which occurred at Naples, Italy, March 25th.

Lieut. Fenton enlisted in the 13th Separate Company, November 28, 1887 and on January 19, 1888, he was commissioned First Lieutenant, having been the unanimous choice of the company for that position. In the work of reorganization of the Company he was enthusiastic and helpful, and labored hard to place it upon a proper military footing. As an officer, he was conspicuous for a thorough knowledge of his duties, and for the faculty of imparting instruction and enforcing discipline. His personal qualities commanded the respect and friendship of those associated with him in the Company, while he was highly regarded by his superior officers in the National Guard, who recognized in him a reliable soldier and an officer of great promise. Lieut. Fenton resigned his commission January 6, 1892, on account of necessary absence. His service with the Company extended over a period of more than four years, during a portion of which he was in command, in the absence of the Captain.

In accordance with the action of the Company at the special meeting, held upon the receipt of news of Lieut. Fenton's death, this Command is hereby ordered to assemble at the Armory at 2 P. M., on Tuesday, April 16th, to take part in the Funeral services. The guard detail will report at 12.30 P. M. Lieut. Johnson is designated as officer of the guard.

DANIEL H. POST,
Captain.

It is fitting that the members of "The Fenton Guard"—the 13th Separate Company of the National Guard—should place upon record an expression of their sorrow and regret caused by the untimely death of their late associate and respected officer,

LIEUTENANT REUBEN EARLE FENTON.

This organization throughout its early career received the encouragement and support of the Hon. R. E. Fenton, Governor and Senator of New York State. Since his death, the members of his family, and notably his son, have continued the interest which he felt. The latter enlisted as a private in the Company in 1887, and gave unsparingly of his personal labors and his means to perfect the reorganization of the Command at that time undertaken. He was soon elected to the office of First Lieutenant by the unanimous choice of the Company. In this capacity his previous military training, his natural liking for the service, and his dignified view of its importance, made him an ideal officer, who commanded alike the respect and the personal regard of those associated with him. It was a source of regret to all when he resigned his commission, having served with us for more than four years. The knowledge of his soldierly and manly qualities thus gained, rendered his unexpected death a personal bereavement to us all. We feel, with the public, that a life of wide

possibilities and of bright promise has been cut short; and to his family we extend the respectful sympathy of those to whom he was a cherished friend and a trusted comrade.

Approved by a vote of the Company at the Armory, April 25, 1895.

Signed:

WM. M. BEMUS,
W. A. KENT,
W. H. HARRISON, JR.,
A. E. MITCHELL,
F. A. THOMAS,

Committee.

The Council.

In the death of Reuben Earle Fenton this city has lost an honored and worthy citizen, one who, though still a young man, was at the head of one of Jamestown's most extensive manufactories, and who had already demonstrated his rare business ability.

The funeral occurs to-morrow, April 16, 1895, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and in view of the loss that Jamestown and its business interests have sustained in the death of Mr. Fenton, and as a token of respect to his memory, it is

Resolved, That the business houses of the city be requested to close to-morrow during the hours of the funeral, and that this Council attend the funeral in a body.

COMMON COUNCIL

OF THE CITY OF JAMESTOWN.

ELEAZER GREEN,
Mayor.

Board of Trade.

WHEREAS, The death of the distinguished citizen, Reuben Earle Fenton, which recently occurred at Naples, Italy, where he was temporarily sojourning with his family, calls for the public expression by the Board of Trade of his native city, of the high esteem in which his memory is held by his fellow citizens:

Resolved, That his death has removed from among us a young man in the full vigor of his manhood, allied with numerous business and social interests in our city. They recognize in him those traits of character which combine to make up remarkable and exceptional personality, courage, honesty, business ability and political availability. In social life he was the most genial and courteous of men, as everyone will testify who ever came within the circle of his personal influence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and presented to his bereaved family with the assurance that all members of this Board of Trade profoundly sympathize with them in their great sorrow.

JAMES P. CALAHANE,
C. E. WEEKS,
A. D. WORK.

The Fenton Metallic Manufacturing Co. Memorial.

The meeting of the board of directors of the Fenton Metallic Manufacturing Company held on the 30th day of March, 1895, is the saddest in the history of this organization. It is occasioned by the untimely death of our much esteemed and beloved president, Reuben Earle Fenton, which occurred at Naples, Italy, March 25, 1895.

In common with the whole community we deeply sympathize with the grief-stricken family in their great bereavement, and mourn the loss of one of Jamestown's best endowed and most able young men, at the very threshold of what promised to be a successful, useful and honorable career.

To us, his business associates, his demise is most keenly felt. We knew him as a man of the highest character and strictest integrity. His business sagacity was unquestioned, and while he was ever ready to aid by his counsel and advice, he was most considerate of the opinions of others.

His every act in life was marked by true manliness and courage, and by the characteristics of the kind, genial gentleman all his acquaintances knew him to be.

At a time when he was returning to his native city, which he loved so well, to enter actively into business and public affairs, well equipped by natural ability, training, and extensive travel, to add new lustre to the honored name he bore, he passes away in a strange land under circumstances most touching, sad and painful.

His memory will be cherished in our hearts always, and we anxiously await the return of his mortal remains that we may join in the last sad honors that can be paid.

ARTHUR C. WADE,
JAMES W. HINE,
ALEXIS CRANE,
FREDERICK E. HATCH,
FRANK E. GIFFORD,
ALBERT GILBERT, JR.,

Directors.

The Jamestown Club.

In tender memory, in pleasant recollection, the members of The Jamestown Club will ever hold their associate and friend,

REUBEN EARLE FENTON.

In common with his fellow-citizens, they recognized the fact that his life was becoming increasingly valuable to his native city and its people, but the especial significance of his death to the club is that the members have lost a cherished, intimately-known friend, a manly, congenial associate, a courteous, considerate gentleman from their numbers.

As in the case of another member whose young life of similar promise came to an ending equally untimely. The pleasant memory of his life will ever remain a treasured possession to those who knew him, and his name will be often affectionately spoken amid the surroundings and associates he knew and loved so well.

Signed :

WM. S. GIFFORD,
RALPH C. SHELDON,
DANIEL H. POST,

Committee.

Memorial of Reuben Earle Fenton.

WHEREAS, By the death of Reuben Earle Fenton, which recently occurred at Naples, Italy, Ellicott Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 lost one of its highly esteemed, active honorary members; therefore be it

Resolved, That the news of his death was received by the members of this company with deep regret. That by his departure we have lost a much beloved and valued friend, and one whose many manly qualities we, in common with our fellow-citizens, have occasion to mourn; of him we recall with special pleasure the fact that he was ever mindful of the comfort of those with whom he labored and always ready with his purse and personal influence to do what he could to promote the welfare and show his appreciation of this company.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be engrossed, presented to the family of the deceased and that the same be placed upon the records of this company.

C. H. WILTSIE,
ALLEN E. BILLINGS,
GEO. T. ARMSTRONG,
Committee.

Memorial.

Adopted at a special meeting of Jamestown Lodge No. 263, B. P. O. E.
March 28, 1895:

The members of Jamestown Lodge No. 263 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks have learned with profound grief of the death of their friend and brother, Reuben Earle Fenton, at Naples, Italy, March 25, 1895. The great majority of the members of this Lodge have known him for years, and, in common with the people of our city, had learned to admire him for his many noble and manly qualities. With them we looked forward with pardonable pride to the years of honor and usefulness opening up before him. He was a young man esteemed by all for his culture, ability, distinguished descent and high character. About two years ago the opportunity was given us of coming into closer companionship and relationship with him, when he became a member of the Order and of Jamestown Lodge.

The principles of our Order — Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity — found in him a fitting exponent. He was charitable, just and faithful in all his intercourse with the members of this Lodge. He at all times extended the right hand of fellowship and brotherly love. His social qualities, his literary attainments, his warm-heartedness, his high standing, his attractive presence made him a charming companion and an ornament to the Order.

A few brief weeks ago he left us, a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, for travel in foreign lands. While returning home to the city of his birth, to mingle again with the people he loved, full of hope and laudable ambition, with plans for his life work fully matured in the very morning time of life, death met him on the way. We extend to his mourning family our sincere fraternal sympathy:

Resolved, That our lodge rooms be draped in mourning, and that badges of mourning shall be worn by us individually; and, as a further manifestation of our regard, if agreeable to his family, that we attend his funeral in a body; that this memorial and resolution be entered in our records and a copy be suitably engrossed and presented to his family.

JEROME B. FISHER,
LABAN HAZELTINE,
J. DELEVAN CURTIS,

Committee.

Tributes.

“To live in hearts we leave behind,
is not to die.”

" Friend, but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells ;
And to-day they toll for thee
Lying dead beyond the sea."

REUBEN EARLE FENTON, son of one of the nation's most illustrious men, in the full vigor of manhood and the strength of years, while the sirens were singing of pleasures and of honors yet to be, far removed from the scenes of his childhood and manhood, having traveled practically "to the uttermost parts of the earth" and been favored by royalty, the great and the good, has taken his last long journey, and to that land "from whose bourne no traveler e'er returns," and because of this, many eyes have been dimmed with tears and many hearts made sorrowful indeed. Mr. Fenton died in Naples, Italy, Monday morning.

To properly characterize the career of Mr. Fenton would be difficult, in view of the fact that he has passed away in the morningtime of life when hopes were highest, ambitions not yet wholly realized and plans not yet executed. He had freely received and he freely gave, and though he did not personally attend to the large business institution, of which he was president — that is, the Fenton Metallic Works — he showed by such a judicious use of his large financial means, the interest he felt in his native town and his deep desire that it should prosper, if by giving employment to many, such prosperity might be advanced. Having traveled extensively, and having received a military and literary education, it is understood to have been his purpose to take a more active interest in public affairs. This was evinced in the fact of his accepting the chairmanship of the Republican Executive Committee and attending to its duties to the great satisfaction of his own party and the magnanimous approval of his political antagonists, during the late campaign. Without doubt, honors awaited Mr. Fenton in the political arena, no less than in the social and business world.

He had traveled, as we said, extensively in the United States and abroad. His manly presence and his social graces, his worth as well as his name, opened to him all doors, and wherever he went he was the object of much honest admiration.

His commanding presence, his courtesy, his varied culture, his genial disposition marked him as a favorite. He was considerate of the feelings of others. He was kindly in act and word to all. His travels had been the means of storing his mind with memories of delightful scenes and with historical associations, which gave to his

conversation both charm and grace. Very pleasant to his younger friends in this city are the recollections of his early youth, and those who knew him best were most endeared to him.

Earle Fenton, for everyone knew him as Earle, was well liked. He bore a proud name — one which he sought to reflect credit upon by successes of his own, and, while entering upon the field of action the Universal Commander has called a final retreat ; but, “transplanted, human worth will bloom to profit otherwhere.”

His family and his friends are assured of the sincerest sympathy of all our people, and all would pray :

“ Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With our lost friend’s loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o’er.”

—F. H. M.

From the Jamestown Evening Journal.

It is no exaggeration to say that mourning over the untimely death of Reuben E. Fenton — Earle, as he was called by all — is general in Jamestown. It was known to all that he was in the clutches of a pitiless disease in far-off Naples, and tidings from his bedside were anxiously inquired for daily. Everyone felt an interest in the fate of the young man, when last seen the picture of noble manhood and vigor, making his fight for life in a foreign city, and many were the hopes that he would be able to shake off the malady, but it was not to be. The son of an illustrious sire, the last male member of a line whose name is identified with the history of the State and the Nation ; one who had every reason to look forward to a career of usefulness and honor under the happiest auspices is no more. He had to obey the summons at a time when life is enjoyed with the sense of responsibility of full manhood, while the enthusiasm of youth still remains and when a man is entering upon the exercise of his best powers. It seems a hard and inscrutable fate which requires the fullest fortitude and faith on the part of those so sorely bereft to endure. The sympathy of the community is with the family in this, their hour of unspeakable distress.

Mr. Fenton, though a great traveler, looked forward to the time when he would settle down in Jamestown and become more fully identified with its interests. He loved the city, associated as it is with so many memories of his distinguished father, and hoped to take an active part in its affairs. In the last State campaign he was an active worker and displayed executive ability of a high order. He often spoke of

the time when he should be able to participate in all that was for the best interests of the city. With opportunities and resources accorded to few young men, with knowledge of the world, gained by extensive travel, it is certain that he would have been of much benefit to the community had he been spared to carry out his plans. In his personal relations Mr. Fenton had a high sense of honor, a warm friendship for his townsmen, and was affable to all men, like his lamented father. Though too young to have made a career, his future was full of possibilities. His manly qualities commended him to all, and the sorrow at his death, so sudden, so untimely and under such peculiarly saddening circumstances, is deep and sincere in Jamestown.

From the Jamestown Sunday Sun.

Jamestown is again bereft in the death of one of its foremost citizens in the very flush of manhood, prominent by reason of family and social relations and his own individual worth. The death of Reuben Earle Fenton is a loss to the city of his birth that cannot well be estimated.

From the Jamestown Morning News.

There is no more difficult role in American life than that which falls to the lot of the son of one who has achieved greatness. In early life, independently of the elements of envy, his surroundings are such as to take him out of touch with the masses, and with the dawning of manhood he must not only meet the vicissitudes which fall to the common lot of man, but he must constantly stand the test of comparison between the mature manhood, the experience and the opportunities of his parent, and if this is complicated by the death of that parent, when all his imperfections and human frailties are forgotten, the conditions are such as to relegate to obscurity in many instances where there is really much of worth. Many a man who might otherwise have played his part in the great drama of life with consummate skill, has found himself o'ershadowed, and has gone down to his death with no more of distinction than that he was the son of his father. Reuben Earle Fenton, whose remains arrived in this city on Friday, and which await the final ceremonials, standing at the threshold of mature manhood, had overcome this condition, and gave promise of a career not less worthy of admiration than that of his distinguished father. That he should

have made for himself a place in the business world, where he was credited with more than average sagacity and ability, at the same time fulfilling his social functions and holding a place in the esteem of the masses at the age of twenty-nine years, shows him to have been possessed of a rare personality, and one which, had life been spared to him, must have been useful, not alone to himself and to his family, but to the community and the State.

It is true, of course, that while he was obliged to enter the arena of life as the son of one who had played a conspicuous part in the affairs of the State and nation, he was afforded opportunities for education and development which are denied to many, and the fact that he made good use of them, keeping steadfastly to his purpose to make a career for himself, rather than live upon the reputation of his father, has served to entrench his memory in this community, without exciting the envy of those whose lines have been cast in less pleasant places, and his obsequies will be attended by the best thought of this community, enriched by the tenderest sympathies, which go out to the young widow, whose voyage of pleasure found its consummation in darkness and despair. Mr. Fenton was a man of many admirable qualities; his mind was cultivated along the broader avenues of thought, and all his acts were touched with that delicate suggestion of personal responsibility which gives character and dignity to American manhood. While he had traveled much, he was loyal and devoted in his allegiance to America and American institutions, and his untimely taking off has transferred responsibilities upon the shoulders of this community which else he had taken upon himself. That these duties will be discharged as well as by those who must take them up let us hope, in this manner paying the highest tribute to the memory of the deceased.

From the Jamestown Evening Journal.

The people of his native city paid all honors Tuesday to the memory of Reuben Earle Fenton—numerous attendants at the funeral service, at the house and at the grave, countless floral offerings, cessation of business for a time and general marks of respect.

There is reason for all this. Mr. Fenton loved the place of his birth. Love is reciprocal. His townspeople looked forward to the time when he should settle down among them to take up the responsibilities and labors of business and citizenship for which he was so eminently qualified. Unlike too many Americans who travel he became a more fervent patriot with the increase of his knowledge of foreign peoples and lands. In the next to the last letter written, March 3d, from Alexandria, Egypt, just before he left for Naples, to

his mother, he uttered a sentiment which is a keynote to his love of native land. He said :

While we were near the harbor this morning we saw the United States man-of-war "San Francisco" at anchor, and I can assure you it did me good to see the Stars and Stripes flying from such a splendid vessel.

Mr. Fenton was ever mindful of his duty to government. He was a born leader. When in military school he was commandant of the battalion. The commission of Captain of the Fenton Guards was declined by him only because of his contemplated long absence from home. His service as First Lieutenant of the company was brilliant. Read the testimony of Brigadier-General Thomas H. McGrath, ex-inspector general of the National Guard, New York. In a private letter to Capt. Daniel H. Post of the Guards, in acknowledgment of a notification of the death of Lieutenant Fenton, he says :

My first acquaintance with Lieutenant Fenton was about the time of the reorganization of the Thirteenth Separate Company ; and the impressions formed at that time of his manly characteristics have never changed.

I have known him since more intimately, and as the years passed by I had become more and more imbued with his soldierly and manly attributes. As an officer of the National Guard, I remember him only with a feeling of pride. I always looked upon him as a coming man in the service, and have never ceased to believe that if he could have remained in commission his record and reputation would have been brilliant and his fame known throughout the State.

As a friend I have none but the most delightful recollections of his always cheerful, hearty welcome and generous hospitality, of which I have so frequently been the recipient, and I shall ever cherish the memory of his official and friendly acquaintance as one of the bright epochs of my connection with the National Guard.

I beg of you to convey to the Fenton Guards my very sincere sympathy for the loss they have sustained of a true friend of the organization. I fraternize with them in mourning the death of such an amiable and worthy co-adjutor.

This eulogium was deserved. He was fond and proud of Jamestown, of her people and institutions. His home was here. His high character, his unfailing courtesy, his warmheartedness, his leadership endeared him to all elements of the community. These are reasons of the universal regret at his demise ; the tokens of respect and affection in his memory.

From the Santa Barbara Morning Press.

A special dispatch to the New York *Herald* from Naples, announces the death in Naples on March 25th of Mr. Reuben Earle Fenton, son of the late Governor Fenton of New York. Young Fenton visited Santa Barbara when quite a lad, accompanied by his tutor, and passed a winter here. Mr. Fenton again visited Santa Barbara, bringing

with him this time his wife and all his family, and spent several months, during which he endeared himself to the many friends he made. High-toned, manly and strictly honorable — to know him was to love him and to esteem his character. Only thirty years of age when so suddenly cut off in the very prime of his life, he leaves a memory fragrant with the esteem and regard of his many friends.

A True Knight.

Chivalry has not wholly died out, even in these prosaic days at the end of the 19th century. Not long since a story was told me of two summers ago when the streets of our town were torn up and in confusion, the crossings in many places dangerous during the paving of the City. One day an aged woman, bewildered and trembling, stood helplessly at the corner of Second Street and Main, puzzled how in her weakness she should cross. Just then three young men passed gaily by, apparently not seeing her ; but after a few steps one of them, a splendid manly fellow, whose form we ne'er more shall see — Earle Fenton — turned, came back, and after a word with the old lady, lifted her tenderly, and carried her across the street ; then offering his arm with the gallantry of a knight-errant, escorted her safely home.

Memorial.

From an Address by Hon. Arthur C. Wade, Jamestown Lodge of Elks, December 2, 1895.

NON THE springtime of the present year, just as earth was awakening from a winter's rest; when the plants were putting forth their buds, and the flowers were beginning to bloom; as the trees were unfolding their mantle of green, and while the birds were sweetly carolling among the branches, and Nature seemed chanting anthems of love and joy, filling the human heart with inspirations of new life, another brother, upon the very threshold of a most promising career, hastening from a foreign land to enter actively into the affairs of life in his native city, fell upon the shores of sunny Italy; and the electric current flashed across the sea the sad intelligence that Reuben Earle Fenton was no more. Many were the grief-stricken hearts on that Spring day—not only in his family, but among friends and business associates, in the fraternal organizations of which he was a member and in the community in which he lived. The old, the middle-aged and the young, the strong and the weak bow alike to the will of an invisible God. We have sometimes wondered why one so young, so full of energy, of life and of promise should be so suddenly cut down; but, my brethren, it is not for us to question the wisdom of the Great Exalted Ruler. He bore an honored name that has added lustre to our nation's history, and could his life have been spared but a few years more, it might have been truly said of him he was "the illustrious son of an illustrious father." His extensive travel, his keen perception and close observation, his careful study of means, of measures and of men, his methodical habits and ways in all his undertakings had most thoroughly fitted him for a useful life. He was genial and just, kind-hearted and true. He despised falsehood and flattery in all their forms; but for honest, conscientious thought and purpose he had the greatest admiration. His sense of justice was so keen, his perception of right and wrong so quick and unerring, his regard for the opinion of others so high, his manner so polished, his speech so mild, his position

when taken so firm, and yet so unassuming as to make him a favorite wheresoever he went. His manly form, his impressive bearing, his beautiful features we shall see no more; but his character (no less complete than his physique) shining out through those windows of clay, has left impressions and influences indelibly fixed upon the tablets of our memory from which we draw inspiration, hope and cheer.

Elegy.

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"A dormant anguish wakes with the day,
And my heart is smitten with strange dismay :

Distance wider than thine, O Sea,
Darkens between my beloved and me !

A scrap of print, a few brief lines,
The fatal word that swims and shines

On my tears, with a meaning new and dread,
Make faltering reason known him dead.

And I would that my heart might feel it, too,
And unto its own regret be true ;

For this is the hardest of all to bear,
That his life was so generous and fair,

So full of love, so full of hope,
Broadening out with ample scope,

And so far from death that his dying seems
The idle agony of dreams.

* * * * *

Teach us, Thou who sendest this pain,
To know and feel our loss and gain !

Let us not falter in belief
On his death, for that is sorest grief.

O lift us above this wearing strife
Till we discern his deathless life,

Shining beyond this misty shore,
A part of heaven evermore."

From Poem by W. D. HOWELLS.

APR 6 - 1955

